

I'll Hate The Goodbye

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I'll Hate The Goodbye by [muruchwitch](#)

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Genre: Bittersweet, Fluff, Graduation, Growing Up, Memories, One Shot, Song fic, everyone is moving on

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Original Characters, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Original Female Character(s), Beverly Marsh/Original Female Character(s), Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Original Male Character(s)

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Summary:

1994 is the loser's last year of Highschool. It is also the last year they will all be together. Their last summer is hot and beautiful, full of memories of the past years that they've spent together. Memories of the bad times are fading and the friend's spend their last day together reminiscing all of the good times they had.

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Author's Note:

Decided that while I was having writer's block for Cringe, I'd write a little song fic. The song I got inspiration from is Good Times by All Time Low.

Ben Hanscom yelled at his friends who were all laughing and chatting excitedly in front of him to stop messing around so that he could take a picture. He set his camera up on his tripod (a gift from Stan and Bill on his 18th birthday) and clicked the timer, hurrying forward to the six other losers. All of them were dressed in black graduation robes, their heads adorned with motorboard caps with bright orange tassels. Richie had taken to decorating his cap with Eddie's craft supplies so that when he bent forward the glitter embellished "TRASHMOUTH" sparkled in the sun.

Bill and Stan were shoulder to shoulder, their fingers intertwined together. After years of pining for one another, Stan had finally gathered enough courage to tell his best friend that he had feelings for him in their junior year. They had been at the quarry one weekend in the Spring and Bill had responded by kissing Stanley so fiercely that they both fell into the shallow water of the shoreline, much to the amusement of the others. Bill was determined to live out his dream of being a horror writing, and had been accepted into Harvard. Stan had agreed to go with him and study accounting, on the condition that they didn't live in a "shit-hole" apartment.

Mike Hanlon was beside the couple, one of his muscular arms slung around Bill's shoulders, grinning with an award winning smile. After working on his grandfather's farm and taking up football, Mike had grown into a strapping young athlete, most of the school's female population drooling over him with unrequited crushes. But Mike had ended up finding love at the school library, in the form of Caleb Miller, a tall blonde haired and blue eyed boy who Mike had fallen head over heels for. After graduation Mike was going to a community college just outside of Derry to study history, whilst Caleb would continue to work at a bookstore in the town centre.

Holding Mike's hand, with her head leaning on his shoulder was Beverly Marsh. Flaming red hair still cut short, curling around her ears and framing her freckled complexion. Her eyes crinkled as she beamed towards the camera lense, a few stray tears slipping down her cheeks. Bev was headed to New York to study fashion, her girlfriend of two years, Alex Gardener, was going to hopefully find a job in the city as a barista until she figured out what she wanted to study. Bev had come out to her friend's as a lesbian in sophomore year after realising that she did love Ben, just not in the same way that she loved girls. All of the losers had hugged and kissed her, accepting her without question.

Eddie and Richie stood beside Beverly, the shorter boy in front of his boyfriend so that Richie could wrap his arms around his waist, settling his head on Eddie's shoulder. Completely inseparable, Eddie had sobbed when he received his acceptance letter to NYU Medical School, worried that it meant the end for him and Richie. But two days later his boyfriend surprised him with a letter from WNYU, the university's local radio station, stating that they'd offered the trashmouth a job. In a flurry of tears and sweet kisses, Richie promised that he would follow Eddie to the ends of the earth, no matter what the future had in store them.

Ben sat down in front of his friends, blinking back tears that threatened to escape past his lashes. No longer chubby cheeked and plump, he'd had a growth spurt in their second year of highschool, and then joined the track team after months of training with Mike. He was still the sweet, soft spoken boy that they all loved, just taller and fitter, but he still a big softie. Ben had also met a girl in sophomore year; Lucy. She was wild, but not in the way Richie was, but was more of a free spirit. She played acoustic guitar and loved to dance, her long brown hair was untamed and constantly in her face, green eyes so beautiful Ben wrote seven poems about them. Lucy fell in love with Ben for his gentle soul and was following him to the California sunshine.

There was a sense of finality when the camera shutter clicked, signifying that the photo had been taken, but also that it was the end of this album of their lives. Gone were Summers of jumping off the cliff into the crisp water of the quarry, all of them just kids, laughing

and splashing without care in the world.

Memories of riding their bikes through town to the Aladdin theatre to see the latest film, Bill on his beloved bike; Silver. The losers finding Richie enthralled with Street Fighter in the arcade, or going to the pharmacy with Eddie to get his medications that they now knew he didn't even need. The calm evocation of bird watching with Stan, listening to him recall species that none of the losers had heard of, Mike even asking whether he was making some of them up. As they had gotten older there were bonfires at Mike's farm, roasting marshmallows and passing around a bottle of whatever liquor someone had stolen from their parents; usually Richie's.

All seven of them had already started to forget the events that took place in 1989 down below Derry in the sewers, but each of them had a single thin scar on their palm that reminded them that they were united in what had taken place that Summer. They were The Losers Club, and they relished in the name, no matter how many times it was used against them, they loved their group title. To have a bond like they did, the shared trauma, the togetherness, and the family they had created within themselves; they felt like the luckiest people in the world.

They didn't know when, but there was an unspoken promise between the friends that they would all see each other again.

~

I never want to leave this sunset town

But one day the time may come

And I'll take you at your word

And carry on

I'll hate the goodbye

But I won't forget the good times

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading!
Much love, Muruch. xxx